

Ahoy! by MissSubversive

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove didn't know if he wanted to laugh, walk away in disgust, or masturbate. His lizard brain got stuck on masturbation. Only Steve Harrington could make scooping ice cream in the world's worst outfit look good.

Billy has mixed feelings about his fuck-buddy's new job.

Ahoy!

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The line moved, putting him at the display of various ice creams. He moved past it and went straight to the register.

"Ahoy!" Billy said in a sensual tone, flashing bedroom eyes.

Steve gave him a blank stare in return. "Can I help you, sir?"

So it was going to be like that.

"Yeah," Billy said, "I thought I'd get an ice cream to support my patriotic community. I was wondering what flavor the star of the food court would suggest."

Steve's stare remained blank. "You saw the commercial, didn't you?"

"That's why I came to the mall," Billy said, with exaggerated cheer. "Had to see the escalators and Gap for myself."

Steve let out a groan. "Just order something."

A pretty girl with dirty blonde hair, in an equally tragic uniform, walked past Steve and waved at a customer who had just joined the line. “Ahoy!”

“Why does everyone else get an ‘ahoy’ and I don’t?”

Billy stuck out his bottom lip and Steve looked ready to climb over the counter and throttle him.

“You know that thing we’ve been doing?” Steve said. “We’re not doing it anymore if you don’t get the hell out of here or order a damn ice cream.”

“Fine,” Billy said. “Later, babe.” And he saw the fury that flared in Steve’s eyes before he turned away.

Billy loved how easy it was to obey Steve while pissing him off at the same time. Yes, he was a bastard, but Steve deserved it. Steve was the one treating Billy like his dirty little secret after he kissed Billy *first*, after hearing about Nancy and Jonathan’s recent engagement. Steve was the one who called Billy the next day to say they should forget it had happened, and wound up asking Billy to come over for a swim.

“My parents aren’t home,” he’d said.

Which meant: *Let’s fuck.*

And they had fucked. And Steve cried. And the sex was so hot Billy didn't even ignore the sobs or pull out of Steve's ass. He licked Steve's tears and made him shudder. It was a night that was burned forever in Billy's brain. Just thinking about it made his heart beat faster.

"Shit," Billy muttered as he drove home, turning his A/C on full blast, trying to cool off in more ways than one.

He couldn't wait for Steve's shift to end. He couldn't wait for Steve to pretend the teasing in the ice cream shop never happened while he sucked Billy's dick, or for Steve to finally snap and beat the life out of him. Either way, Steve would put Billy out of his misery.

That evening, Billy was real close to jerking off for the second time when Steve finally called.

"You're an asshole."

"Hello to you too, Harrington."

"I'm changing out of my uniform and showering, then we can—"

"Bring it."

“You think you’re so funny,” Steve huffed. “NO. Absolutely not.”

“C’mon. Let’s try something new.”

“That would be bad-new. Me, dead-behind-the-eyes new.”

“As long as you’re not dead inside your pants—”

Billy heard the click, then the dial tone. Then he waited for Steve to chill out and call back.

“Your house is empty?” Steve asked, when Billy picked the phone back up.

“That’s what I told you,” Billy said. “It’ll take two days for my parents to pick Max up from camp and bring her home.”

“Okay. I’m coming over.”

“Harrington, wait,” Billy said, before Steve could hang up. “You can leave the rest at home, but bring the hat.”

When Steve arrived, it was obvious he was in the mood and had regained his sense of humor.

He presented the sailor hat with his hands lifted and his head bowed, like it was a precious item on a platter.

“Wear it with care,” Steve said.

“I will,” Billy said, putting on the hat, pushing curls down.

“And you better not get any bodily fluids on it,” Steve added as he walked through the door.

They stripped down to nothing in Billy’s room and Billy struck a pose.

“Aho—” he began, but Steve shoved him down on his bed and the rest of the word died in his throat.

“I have my limits, Hargrove,” Steve said, climbing on top of Billy and clamping a hand over his mouth. Billy twisted his head to free it.

“I just want to be a good server,” he said innocently, one hand holding the sailor hat in place. It had almost fallen off when he landed. “Would you like to try our Billy-flavored balls?”

“What else is on the menu?”

Steve straddled Billy and Billy grabbed his ass.

“You wanna hear the specials?”

This was the longest they had talked in bed without doing something R-rated. Billy’s erection would have been painful if he had not given himself relief earlier. Steve was in a whole other state. His cock was rock hard and his eyes were dark.

“I know the specials,” Steve said.

He bent forward and captured Billy’s mouth, gripping the back of his neck. Steve kissed like a man, but he moaned like a girl while he was doing it. Billy tried to suppress the sounds the kisses drew out of him so he wouldn’t miss any of the little breathless noises coming from Steve, but holding back was impossible. The touch of Steve’s skilled tongue, and soft lips, was too good.

Steve let go of Billy’s neck, pulled his mouth away, and moved it lower. It was the attention paid to Billy’s nipples that made him moan Steve’s name. And the attention paid to his cock that made him speechless—helpless. Willing to agree to anything as long as Steve kept going, sliding up and down, swallowing the head into his throat. Billy moved mindlessly, sitting up in an awkward position, chasing after the sudden need to watch Steve do it.

“I’m close,” Billy pushed out with great effort, brushing hair out of Steve’s face so he could see it when it happened, Steve’s sunken

cheeks and his eyes closed tight as the come shot into his mouth.

Billy lifted the sailor hat from his head and tossed it aside before he collapsed, flat on his back. He chuckled slightly, covering his eyes.

Had Steve Harrington really just given him the best blowjob of his life? What the fuck?

“Alright?” Steve said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Billy pulled him down, into a kiss full of affection, and wrapped a hand around Steve's cock, whispering, “You sure are the king of something.”

“Kiss my ass, Billy,” Steve said, rolling his eyes.

“Okay,” Billy said, slapping said ass. “Sit on my face.”

It took Steve a moment to realize he was serious.

“Gross, Hargrove!”

“Didn't you clean up for me, in the shower?” Billy reasoned.

“To stick your dick in, not your tongue.”

“Just give it a try!”

“Don't even think about kissing me after,” Steve said, moving to straddle Billy's chest with his ass facing Billy's mouth.

Billy grabbed Steve's hips and pulled the ass closer before spreading the cheeks apart. He began with a few slow, light licks, tasting freshly washed skin and salty sweat.

“Wait!” Steve yelped, squirming. “I'm ticklish there.”

Billy didn't stop. Instead, he pressed his tongue against Steve's hole with rougher strokes.

“Uh, oh,” Steve said. “That's... better.”

Billy licked and sucked on Steve's ass until his face was red and his tongue was sore. Until Steve, grinding his ass against Billy's face, breathed, “I want your cock, NOW.”

Billy lubed up Steve's ass while Steve lubed his cock, which had grown hard again while Billy was tonguing his hole.

When Billy's cock was nice and slick, to Steve's satisfaction, Steve climbed off of Billy and laid on his stomach.

Billy got up to make room for Steve to get comfortable and all the air rushed out of his lungs when Steve shoved a pillow under himself, pushing his ass up higher and spreading his legs. It was the hottest thing Billy had ever seen.

“Billy,” Steve said in a husky voice, “fuck me.”

“Fuck, Harrington,” Billy said, feeling light headed and like a single stroke would set him off, and he wasn't even inside yet.

He lowered himself onto Steve, his chest flush against Steve's warm back. “Are you already relaxed for me?” he asked, reaching a hand down to guide his cock.

“Yeah, because of your tongue,” Steve said, voice a bit muffled as he pressed his face into the sheets. His hands gripped the edge of the bed.

He was preparing to scream and get fucked hard into the mattress. The realization made Billy's cock throb as he pushed into Steve's slick, hot hole with gritted teeth.

Steve pushed back, driving Billy's cock deeper, and Billy let out a sound like a growl. A primal surge of need ran through him and he made a fist in Steve's hair.

“Does it hurt?” Billy asked, meaning his hold on Steve's damp hair, and his cock.

“I don't care,” Steve said, and Billy took a shaky breath.

Kill me now, he thought. Let me die happy.

He moved his hips, feeling impossible softness, tightness. Steve's ass was unreal—but it was, in fact, *real*, and tonight it—Steve—belonged to Billy. And he was going to enjoy that ass as if it was *his*.

Billy put his back into a balls-deep stroke. And another. And another. Cries of pleasure encouraged him. Steve's body felt breakable beneath Billy, but with every thrust, Billy felt like he was the one who might be damaged beyond repair.

“Yes,” Steve said, sounding like he was sobbing. And maybe he was. “That's—so—*God*, Billy.”

Billy was barely listening but his body responded to Steve's words and focused on hitting the spot that made Steve talk that way. And Steve moved with the new rhythm of his thrusts, making it all feel too good. Fucking perfect. Billy's hand flexed in Steve's hair and he went over the edge, shouting Steve's name, mixed in with obscenities.

Steve raised his sweat-damp head and turned to look back at him. "Could you—like the last time?"

Billy, lost for a moment in a post-orgasm daze, didn't understand what Steve was saying until he took several breaths, clearing his head.

"Almost there?" Billy said, voice hoarse.

He pulled out and Steve rolled over, nodding.

Billy slid down Steve's body and dragged his tongue across the sensitive skin of Steve's cock, from base to tip. He felt the first pulse, then the rest, as he hastily took in a mouthful so he could swallow every drop.

Steve was the one who had warned Billy not to kiss him, but he pulled Billy up and planted a searing kiss on his neck that traveled to his lips. Billy melted into it, and found himself wrapping his arms around Steve. The other boy was flushed and looked embarrassed when they broke the kiss to catch their breath.

"Can you imagine what everyone would think if they knew what I just did with *you*, of all people?" he asked. "No one can ever know about this."

"Yeah," Billy agreed. "I don't want the whole town to know I'm fucking the ahoy-dork from the Starcourt commercial."